DELL JUNIOR TREASURY

NO. 4 15¢

Adventures of Mr. Frog and Miss Mousie

Just when the rhyme of "Frog Went A-Courting" first took form is not known; but it was hundreds of years ago. And the place was probably Scotland. Perhaps some old Scot's granny made it up and sang it to the "wee bairns," who crowded around her knee for a bedtime story.

When those children grew up, and had their own families, they sang what they remembered of the "Frog's Courtin'" to THEIR children. They forgot some of the words, and made up others to fill out the rhyme. Sometimes they invented new lines—and the children passed them on to their children.

When the early settlers of our Southern States came from England, they brought the song with them and continued to sing it generation after generation.

So the story of "Frog Went A-Courting" spread among English-speaking people all over the world! Once in a while somebody wrote down what HE remembered of the song. . . . But most of the time it was not written down at all, and grew richer through newly-invented words and lines.

Today "Frog Went A-Courting" is still growing in popularity, and promises to become one of the best loved folk songs of children and grownups the world over.

DELL JUNIOR TREASURY, No. 4, April, 1956; THE ADVENTURES OF MR. FROG AND MISS MOUSIE. Published quarterly by Dell Publishing Company, Inc., 261 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, New York. George T. Delacorte, Jr., President; Helen Meyer, Vice-President; Albert P. Delacorte, Vice-President. Application for second-class entry pending at the Post Office at New York, New York. Single copies 15c. Subscriptions in U.S.A. and Canada 60c per year; foreign subscriptions $1.00 per year. **Dell Subscription Service:** 10 West 33rd Street, New York 1, N. Y. Printed in U.S.A. Designed, produced, and © 1955, by Western Printing & Lithographing Company.

Mr. Frog's courtin'

Frog went a-courting, he did ride,
Sword and pistol by his side.

He came where Lady Mouse sat to spin,
And called: "Miss Mouse, are you within?"

D.S.T. #4-562

He took that Lady Mouse on his knee,

And said: "Miss Mousie, will you marry me?"

Said she: "Before I think of that,

I'll have to ask my Uncle Rat!"

When Uncle Rat stepped from the hall,

Miss Mousie blushed, and told him alll

Uncle Rat, he went to town,

To buy Miss Mouse a wedding gown.

Where will the wedding breakfast be?

Down by the brook in the hollow tree!

First guest to come was a Bumblebee,

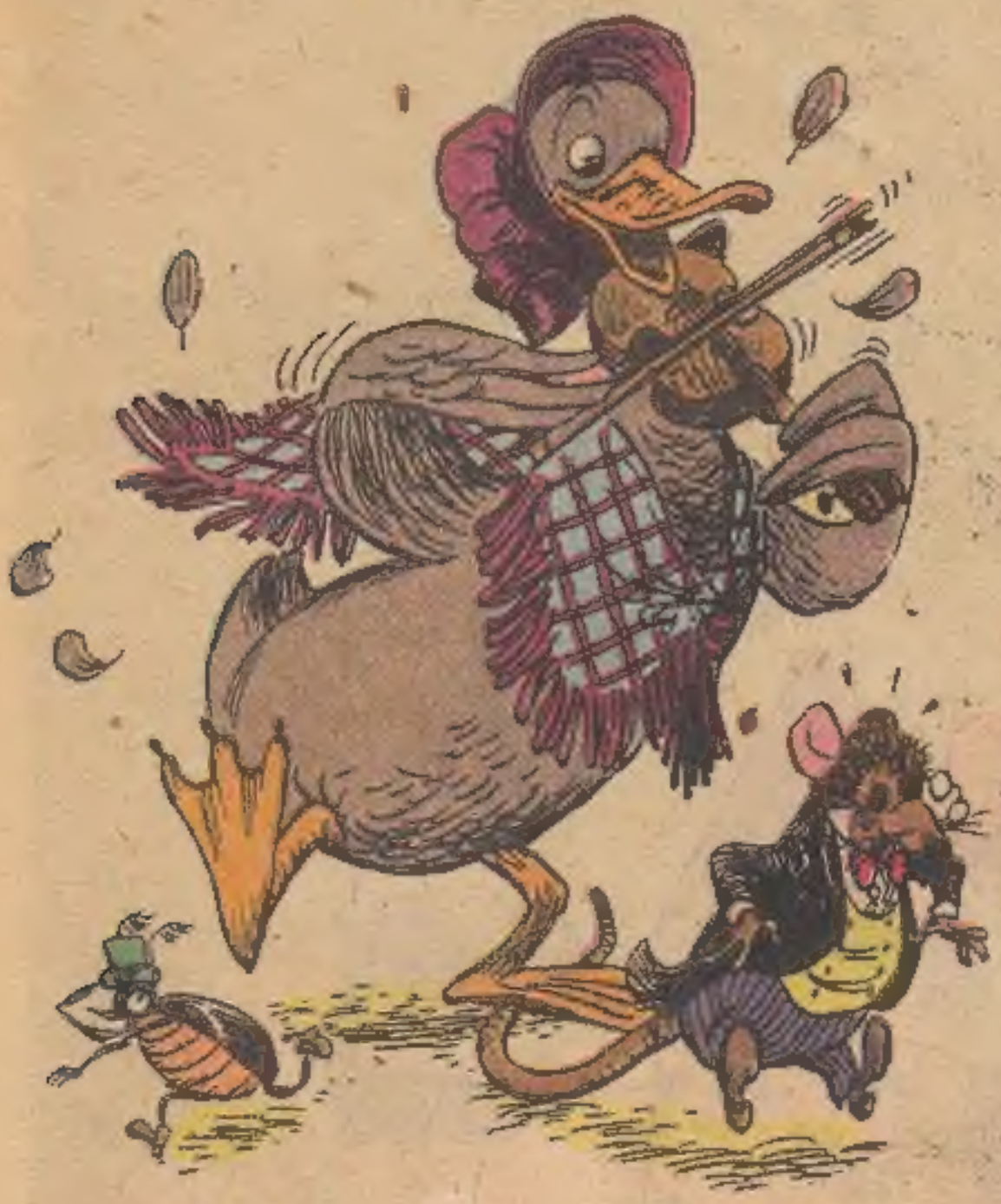
Strumming a banjo on his knee.

The next to come were two black ants,

Fixing to have themselves a dance.

Liveliest one was Old Gray Goose;

She turned up her fiddle, and she cut loose!



The most surprising was a Garter Snake,

Who curled around the Wedding Cake!

The last to come was a big Tom Cat;

He said: "I'll put a stop to THAT!"

But Frog and his Lady Mouse got away—

And they live near by to this very day!

Mr. Frog

tackles Mr. Bear

Frog went a-sailing—he took care!—

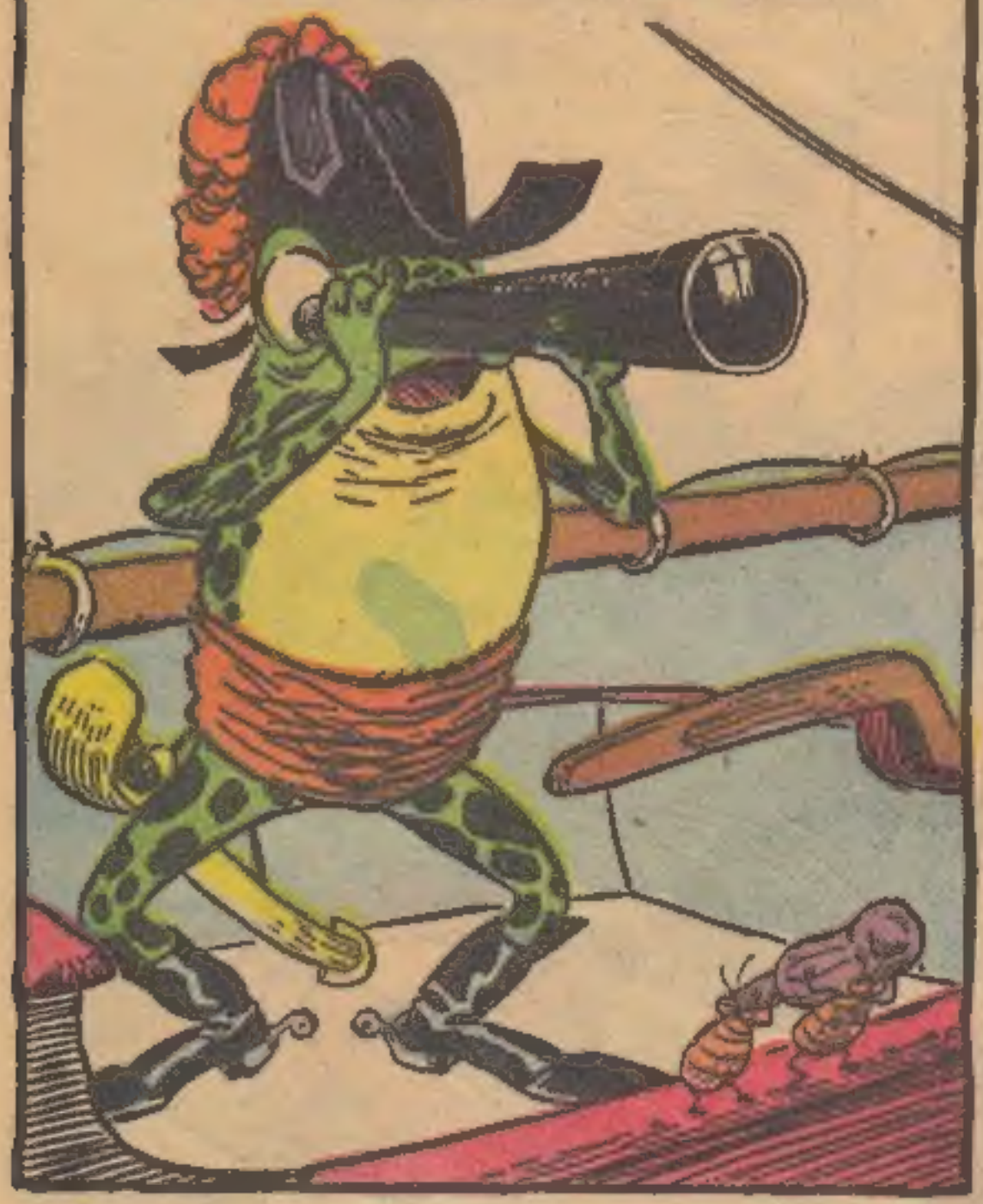
Past the castle of Mr. Bear!

That Bear, he had a reputation

As bad as any in creation!

As Frog went slowly sailing by,

He put a spyglass to his eye.

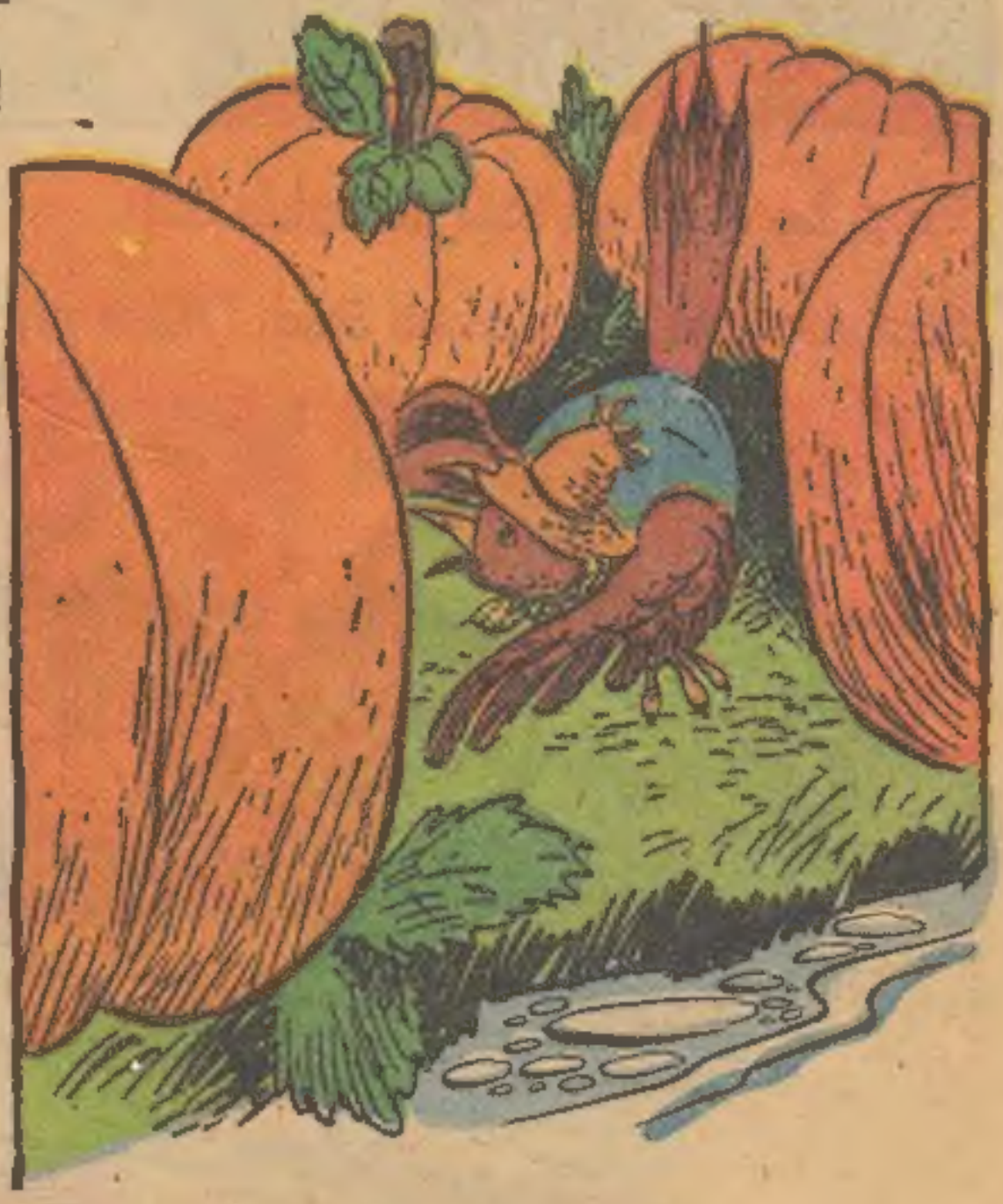


The spyglass showed a lady fair,

Shut in a tower by that wicked Bear.

And while Frog watched, the bad old Bear

Shot a poor little Bird right out of the air!



The Bird, he fell in a pumpkin patch;

He'd lost some feathers, but didn't have a scratch.

Bear came a-growling, fit to make you shiver—

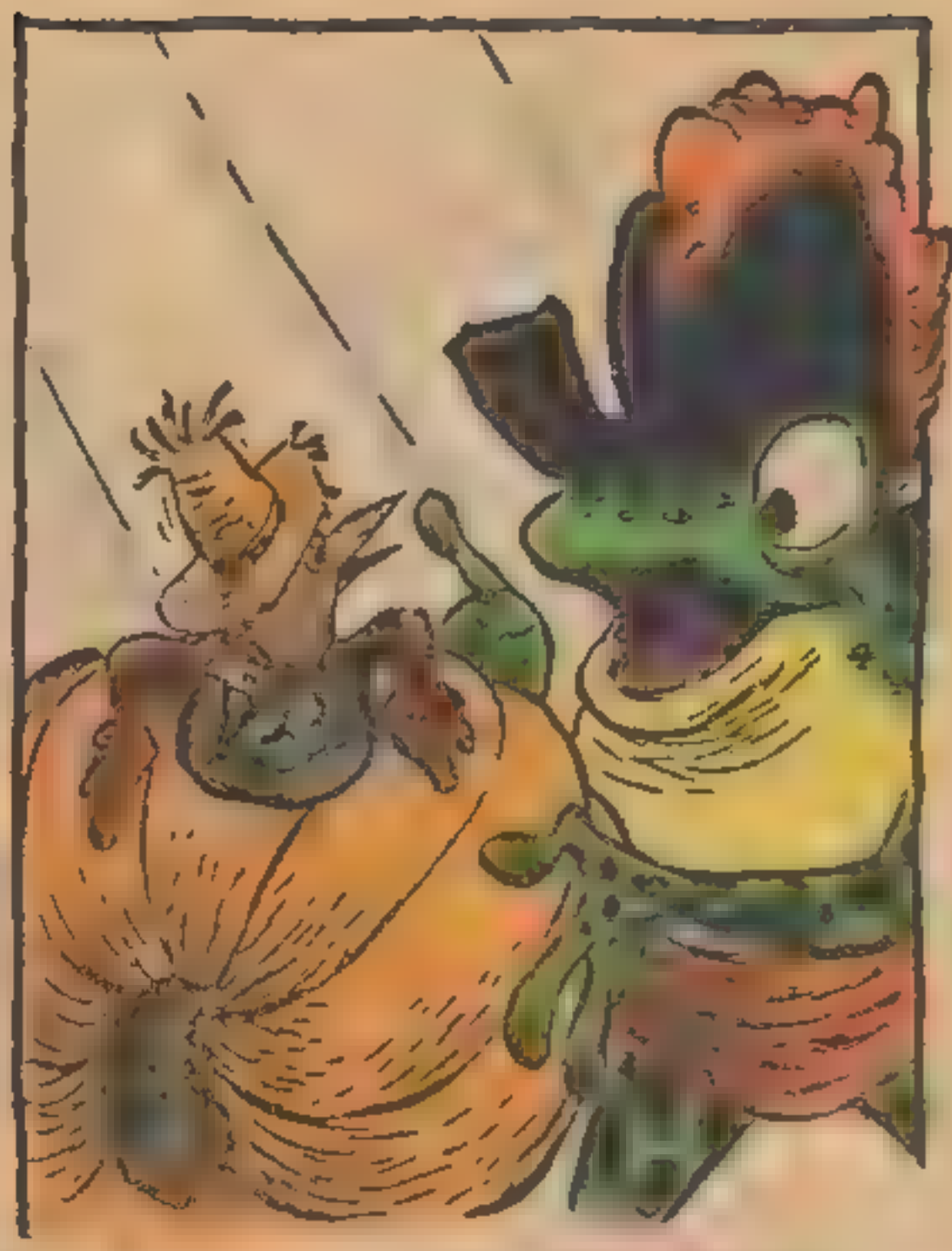
Kicked a pumpkin into the river.

Frog, he watched that pumpkin roll

Straight toward his boat. Said, "Bless my soul!

"Something's inside that pumpkin shell!

It looks like a bird--far as I can tell!"

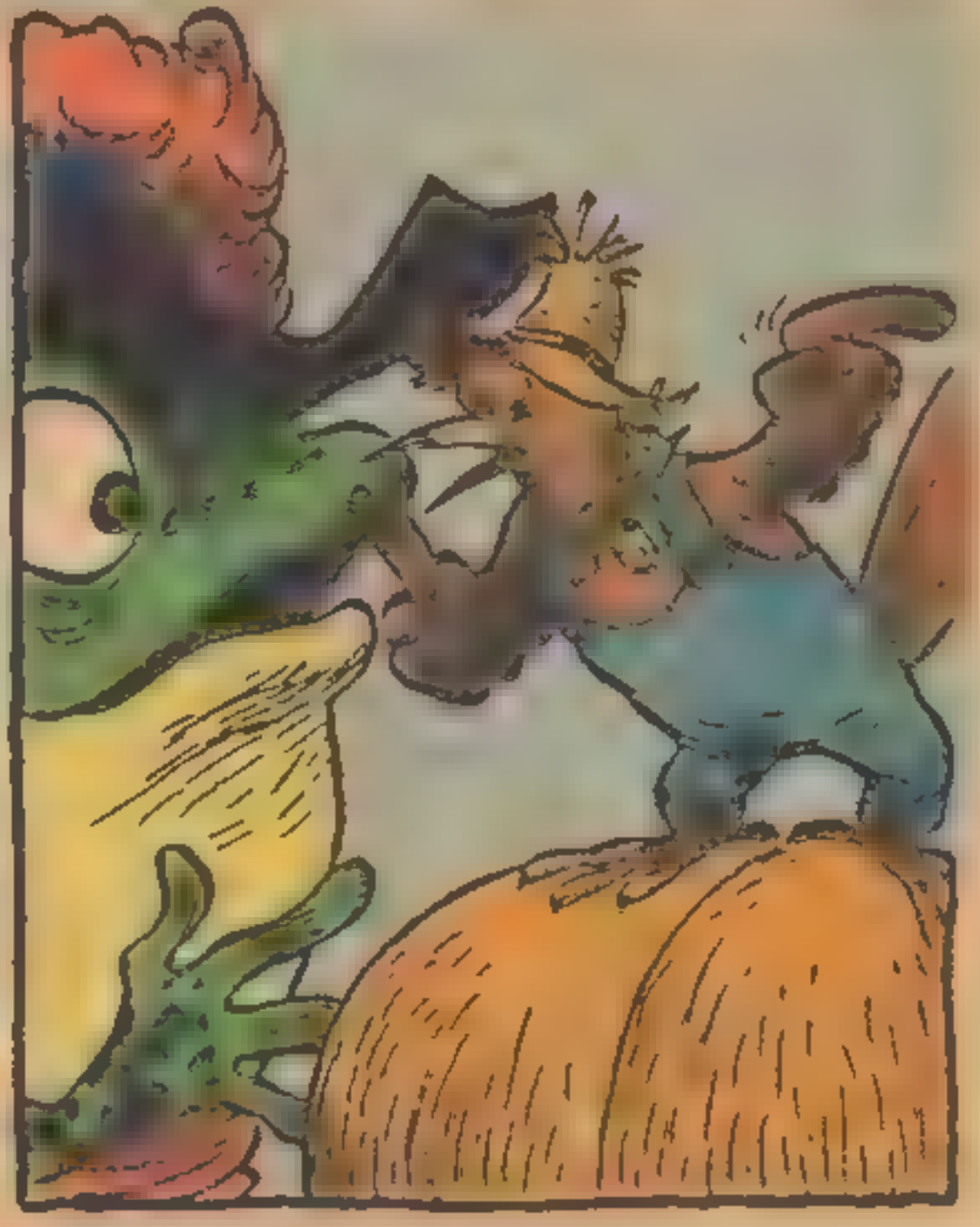


He rescued the pumpkin and the Bird inside;

Said Frog, "Who are you?" And the Bird replied.

"Ah'm Needle-Nose Pete from Tennessee--

Little old Woodpecker Boy--that's me!



"And, as for that triflin' no-account Bear,

He'll get his come-uppance, some day, for fair!"

Frog said, "Why wait a single hour?

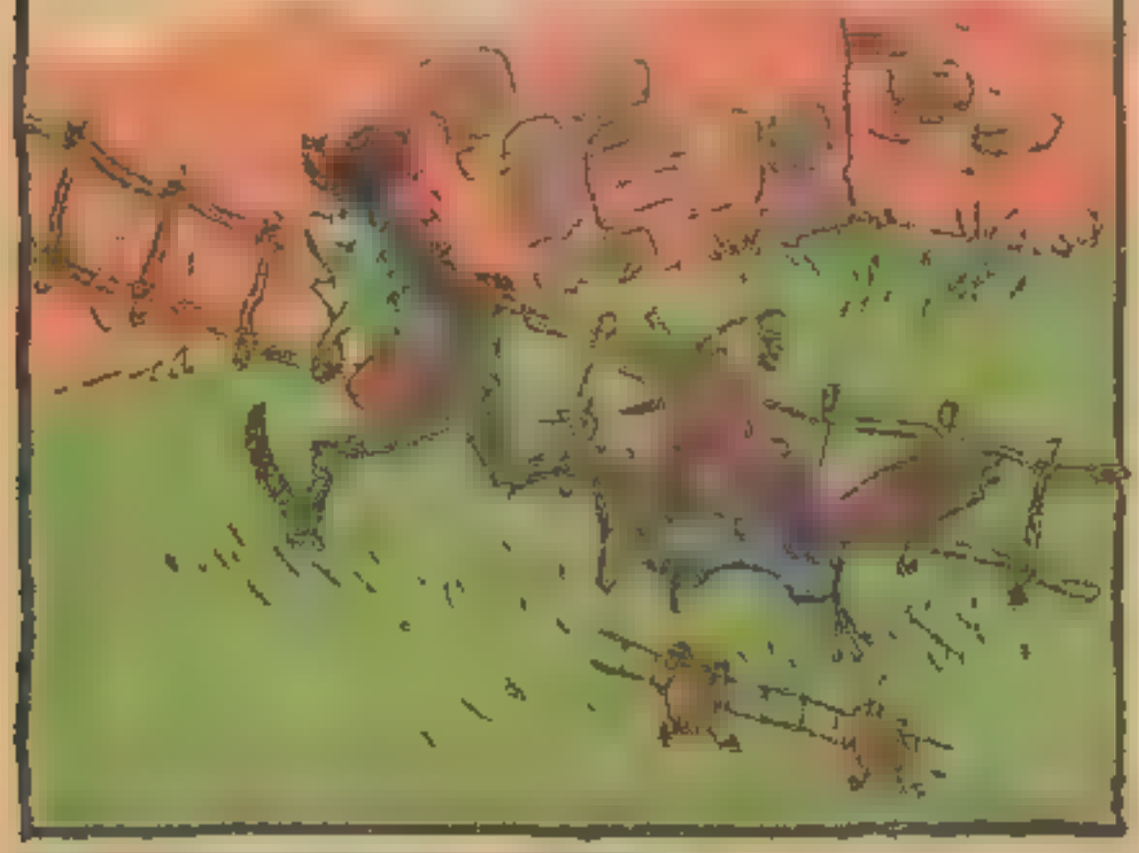
We'll rescue the Lady from old Bear's tower!"

They trimmed their sail to catch the breeze,

And anchored near some willow trees.

They built a ladder, light and tall,

And brought it up to the castle wall.



But just as all was going well,

Old Mr. Bear, he came, pellmell!

He took Frog,Lady, Woodpecker and all

Into his gloomy castle hall!

He growled: "I'll have you all for supper,

With 'taters and salt and lots of pepper!"

Bear locked them up in the high stone tower—

Said: "My fire will be ready in about an hour!"

The Lady wept—Frog pried at the door—

Bird pecked a hole right through the floor!

He stuck out his chest, and whooped with joy,

"How's THAT for a little old Woodpecker Boy?"

They all dropped down to the winding stair,

And kept sharp watch for old Mr. Bear!

The castle's door was huge and stout!

Said Frog: "THAT way, we'll never get out!"

Time was short, and home was far,

But the Kitchen Door stood just ajar!

They reached the threshold and took a peep–

And saw old Mr. Bear asleep!

The steaming pot then met their eye–

With SALT and PEPPER handy-by.

With Frog, no sooner thought than done!

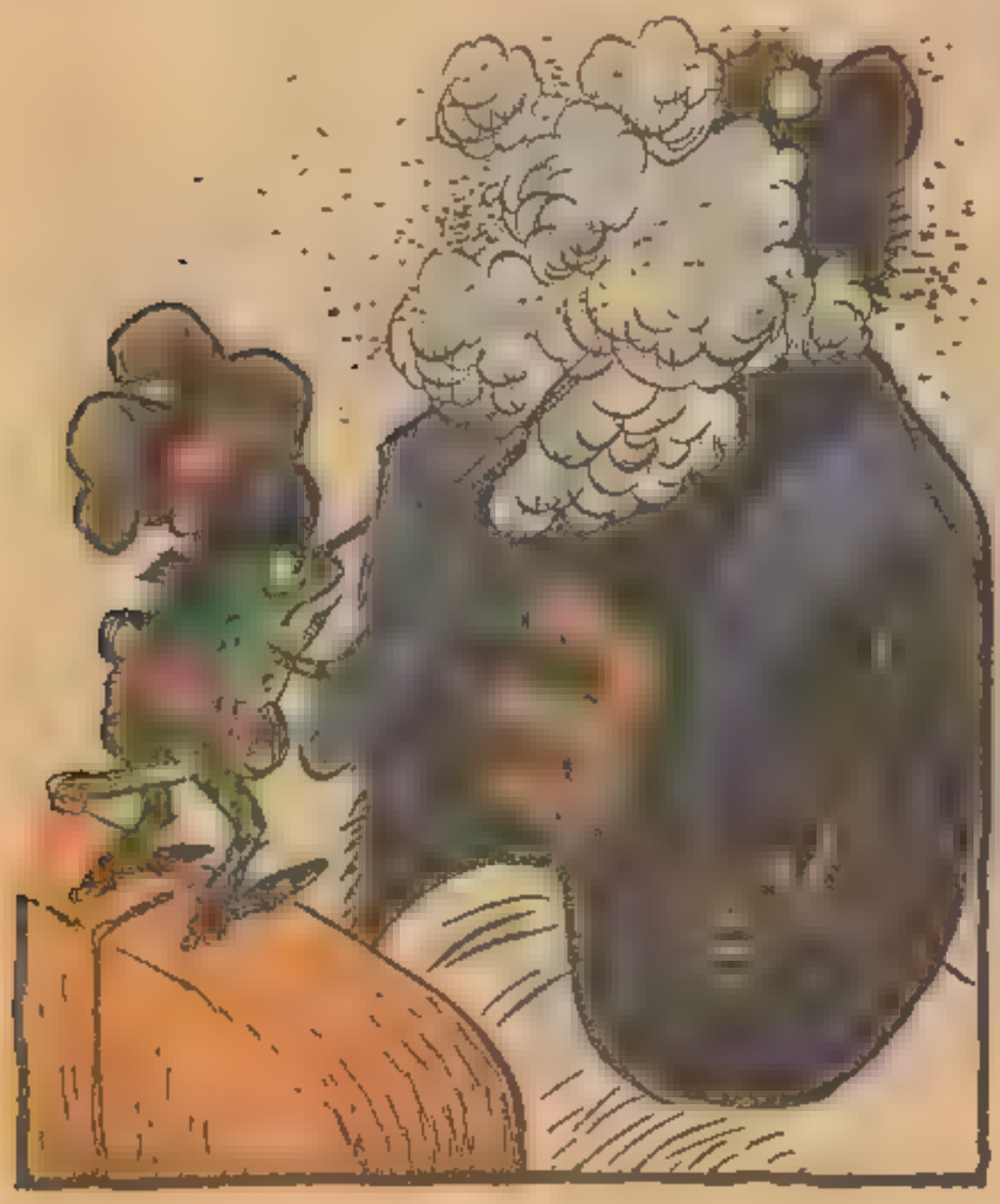
He reached the PEPPER—and filled his gun!

"Get up," he called, "you bad old Bear,

And let us out, or fight me fair!"

Bear grabbed at Frog—whose gun spoke loud,

Shooting out pepper like a cloud!



Roaring and sneezing, Mr. Bear

Flung wide the door, to get some air.

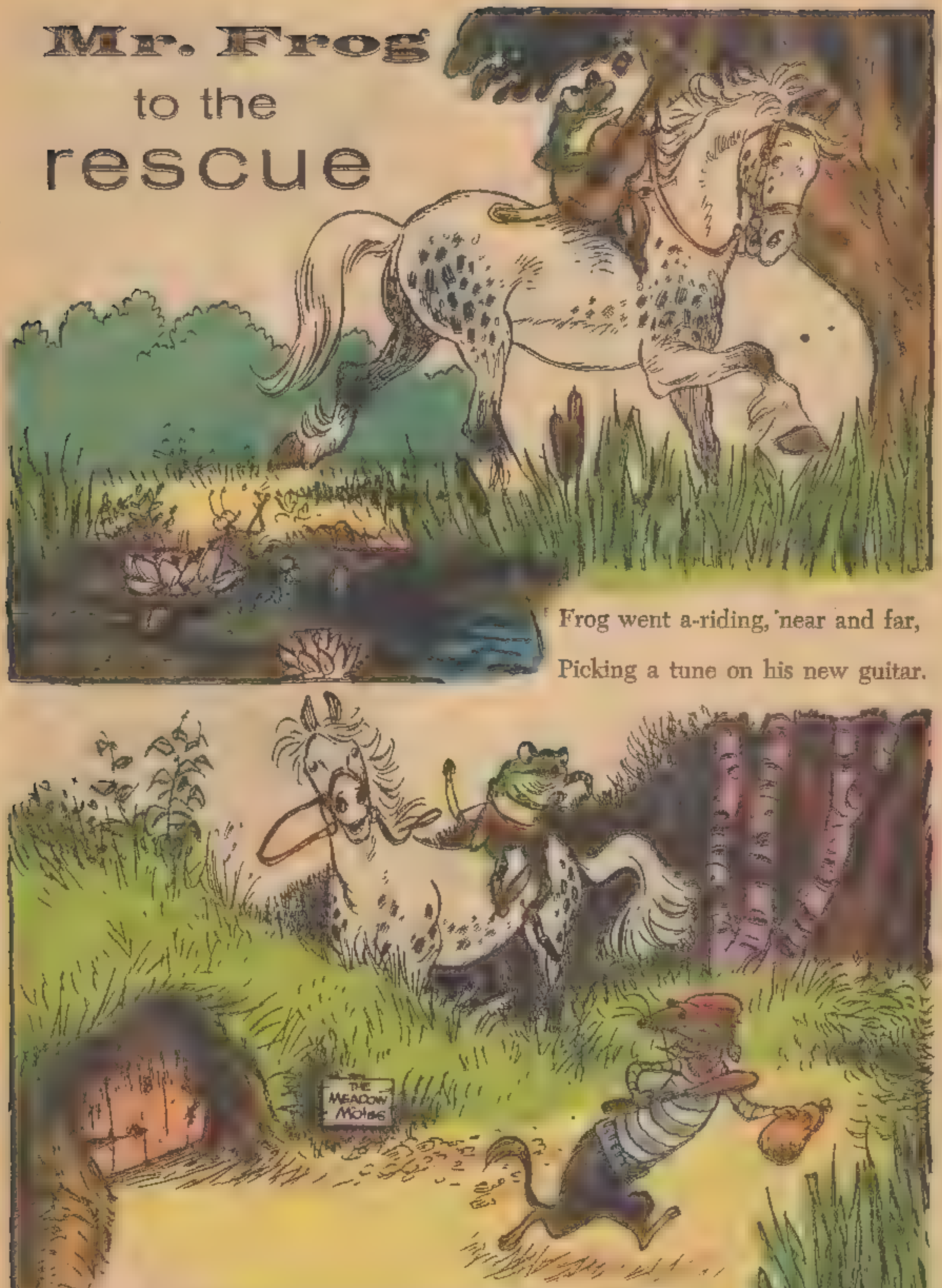
Frog led the Lady to his boat,

And shortly they were safe afloat . . .

But Mr. Bear, with red-rimmed eyes,

Did not return their gay good-byes!

Mr. Frog to the rescue



Frog went a-riding, 'near and far,

Picking a tune on his new guitar.

He caught a Tramp stealing Meadow Mole's cash,

Shouted, "STOP, THIEF—or I'll settle your hash!"

Tramp, he turned and struck a blow;

Frog drew a pistol, and hit him on the toe!

Tramp ran off, with his foot in his hand;

And the Moles told Frog he was simply grand.

They all had a party underneath a tree,

And Granny Meadow Mole poured the tea.

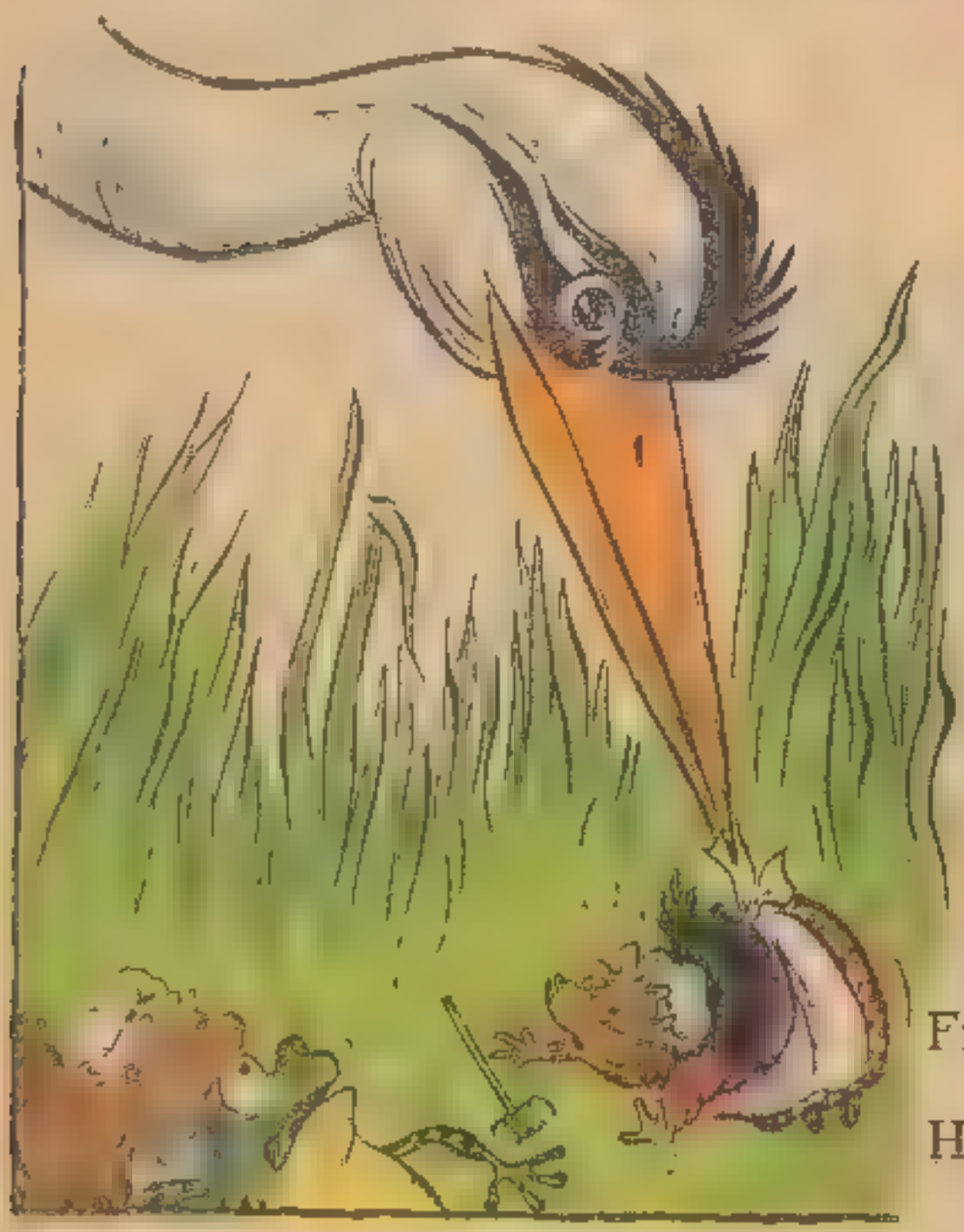
She said: "Help yourself, and don't you wait!"

So Frog, he emptied the cookie plate!

Down by the brook they played croquet,
Till a hungry Crane came by that way.

He grabbed Granny Mole, the very first thing—

Just picked her up by her apron string!



Frog grabbed Crane, and wouldn't shake loose;

He tailed along like a little caboose.

Crane, he 'lighted, and grinned a grin—

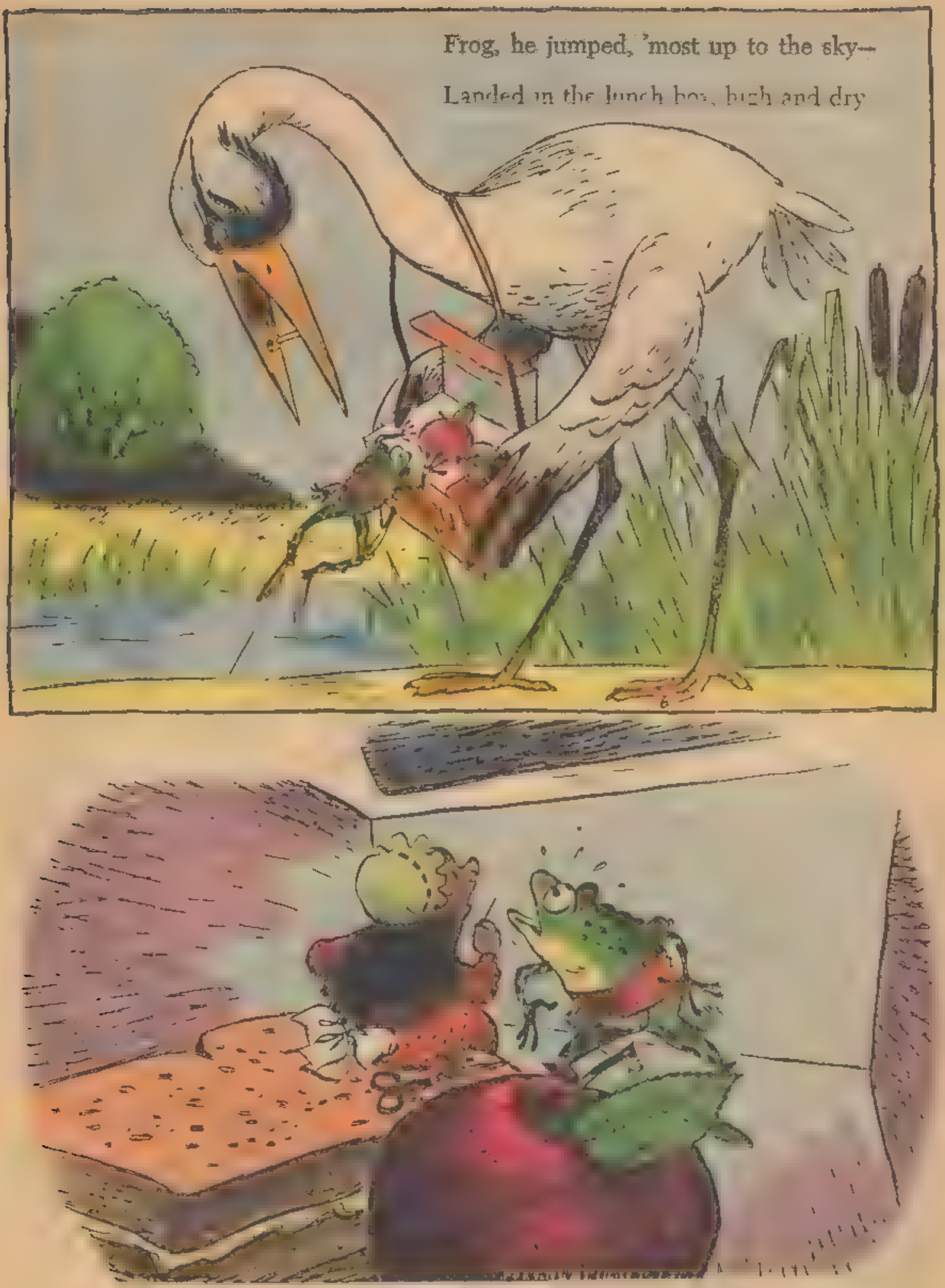
Opened his lunch box and dropped Granny in!

He grabbed for the Frog, but Frog was quicker—

Propped open Mr. Crane's bill with his sticker!

Frog, he jumped, 'most up to the sky—

Landed in the lunch box, high and dry



The box shut tight!—Frog said, "I've a hunch,

We'll both stay here with the rest of the lunch!"

"Watch this trick!" cried Granny Mole . . .

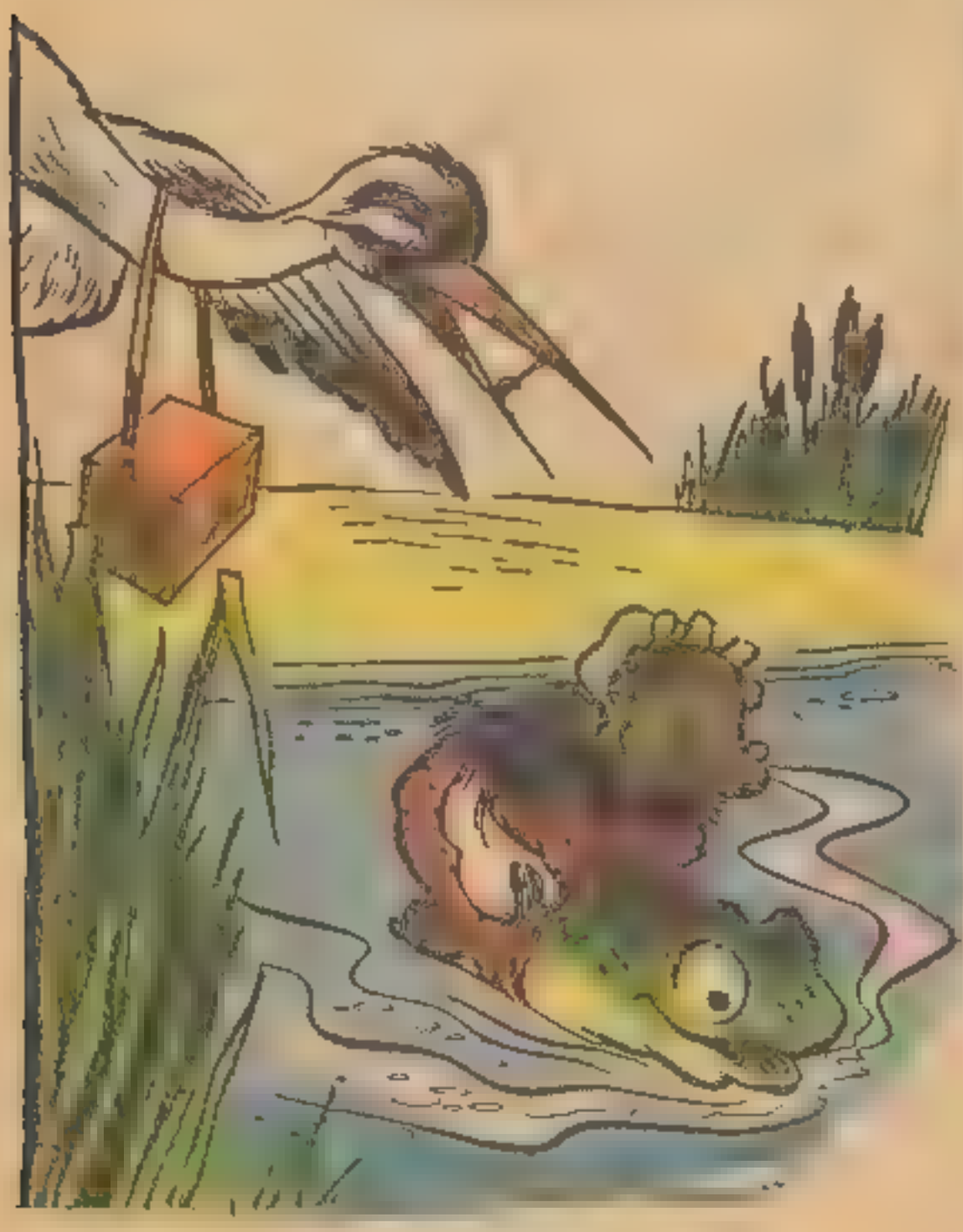
She whipped out her scissors, and cut a hole.

Frog climbed through and jumped to the ground;

And then he helped old Granny down.

He carried her safely to the shore,

For Crane wasn't hungry any more!



Frog left Granny with her friends—

And that is how THIS story ends!

Mr. Frog's

blue monday

Whenever Monday rolled around,

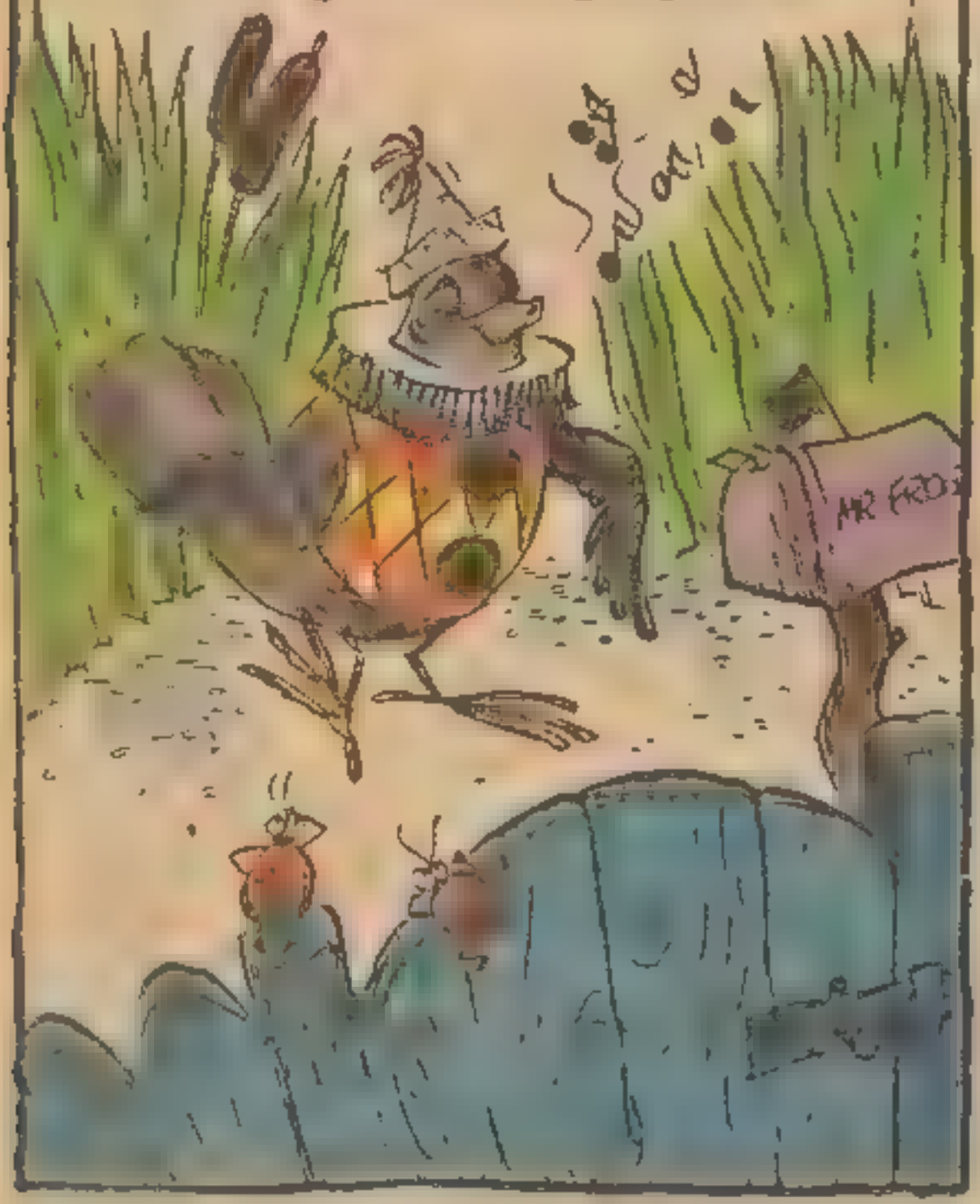
Frog turned as blue as his own pond.

He'd drop a tear, and then he'd choke,

And heave a sigh, and croak a croak!

One Monday a bold Stranger came

A-whistling down Frog's quiet lane.



Mouse curtsied to the Stranger Bird,

But Mr. Frog, he never stirred.

The stranger sat upon a stone,

And copied every croak and groan.

When Frog asked, "Why?" his guest averred:

"Because I am a MOCKING Bird!"

Frog jumped up and clicked his shoes:

Said, "Your nonsense cured my blues!"

"Perhaps you'll cheer my neighbor, too—

Miss Mourning Dove is ALWAYS blue!"

Miss Dove, she sat in her rocking chair,

Atop a tall and winding stair.

Said Mocking Bird, "What grieves you so?"

Miss Dove replied: "That big Black Crow!"

"He steals whatever he can see!

Some day he may fly off with ME!"

Old Crow, he flew down from above,

And snatched her necklace from Miss Dove!

Mocking Bird, he shouted, "STOP!"

And caught the thief in one long hop!

Crow gave Mocking Bird a peck

Which knocked him, tail feathers over neck!

Frog drew sword and shaved that Crow

As bald as an egg, with one quick blow.

Crow flew off—and Dove flew down,

Where Mocking Bird lay on the ground.

"Brave Mocking Bird!" Miss Dove, she cried,

"I'd mourn forever, if you died!"

Soon Mocking Bird was weeping, too:

"Tell me," he sobbed, "who's mocking who?"

Miss Mourning Dove's heartbroken crying

Was quickly changed to happy sighing.

Then Mocking Bird, he mocked a fiddle,

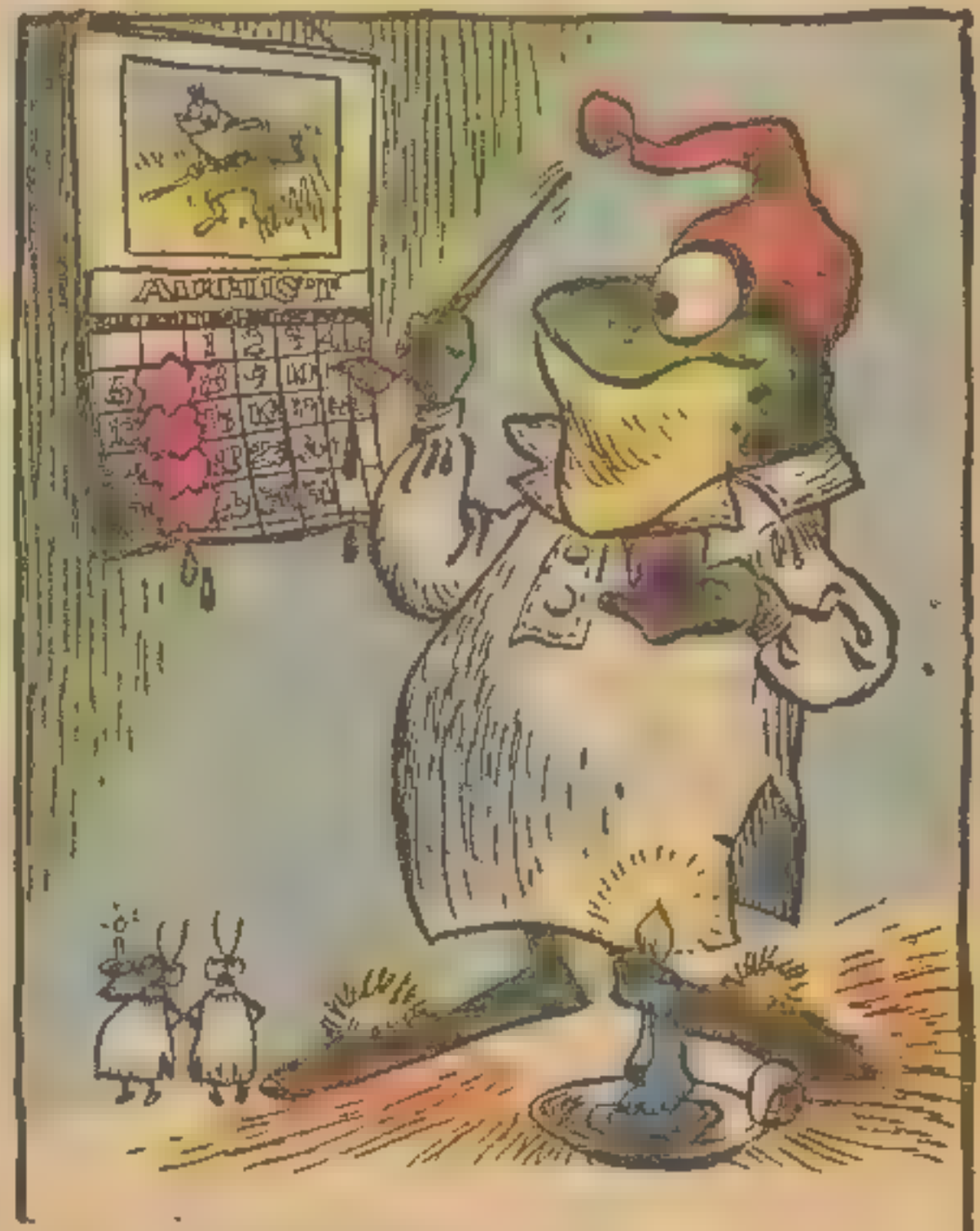
And danced a jig, Hi-diddle-diddle!

Says he, "Miss Dove, we'll dance through life,

If you will be my lady wife!"

Frog, he left the happy pair,

And went to look up Parson Hare.



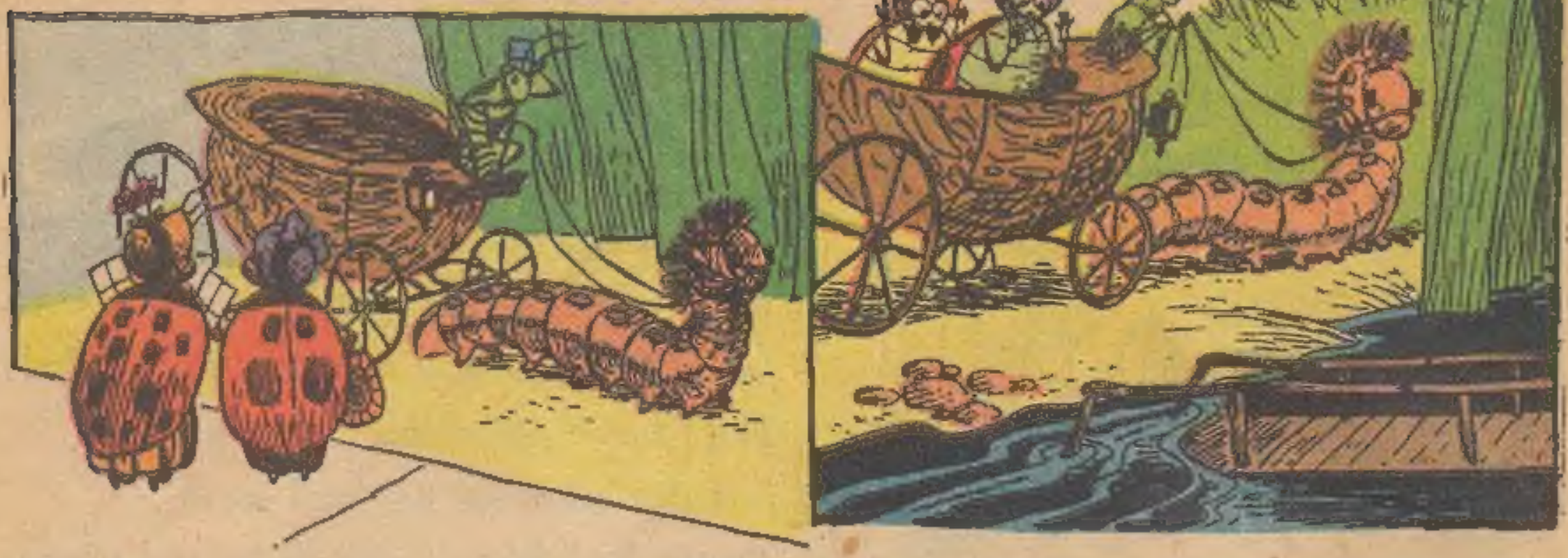
That night, before he went to bed,

Frog painted his BLUE Mondays RED!

the bug's barn dance

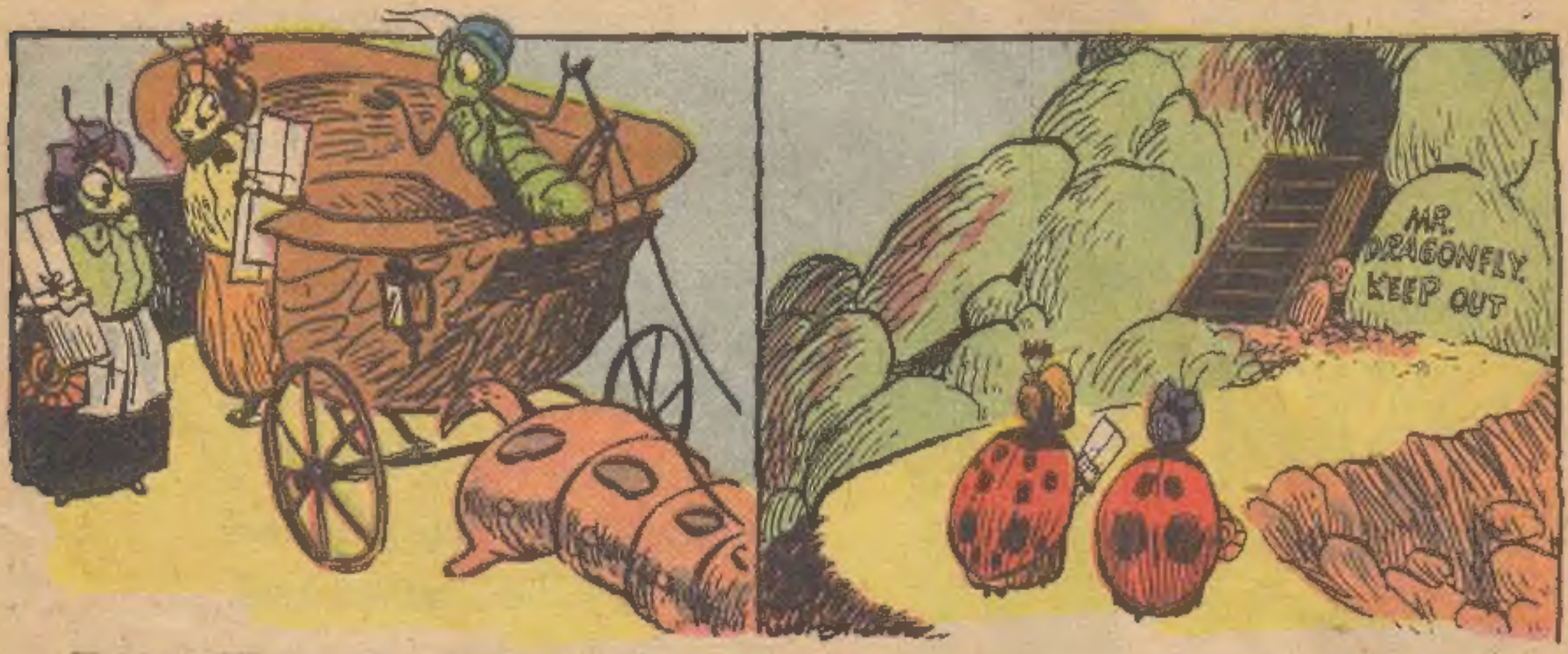
The Farmer Ants were mowing hay,
Upon a hot, midsummer day,
When suddenly the rain came down
And spoiled the hay that they had mown!
The Farmer Ants said: "What we need
Is a dry barn, for hay and seed!"
They called their neighbors, far and near,
And soon they started to appear.
The Tumble Bugs in overalls
Brought lots of stones to build the walls.
The Mason Wasps laid every course;
The Carpenter Ants made roof and doors.
When all was done, the Farmer Ants
Said, "Now, we'll have a big Barn Dance!
And all the Bugs in all creation
Shall have a hearty invitation!"
It wasn't long before the crowd
Began to gather, buzzing loud.
They filled the barn, from floor to rafter,
With cheerful chirps and buggy laughter.
The Crickets tuned their fiddle strings;
Old Bumble Bee, he boomed his wings,
And led his partner, toe and heel,
Through an old-time Virginia Reel.
Faster and louder grew the fun
Until the rising of the sun . . .
And never since have jolly Ants
Held such a wing-ding, buzzing dance!

Clever Ladybugs



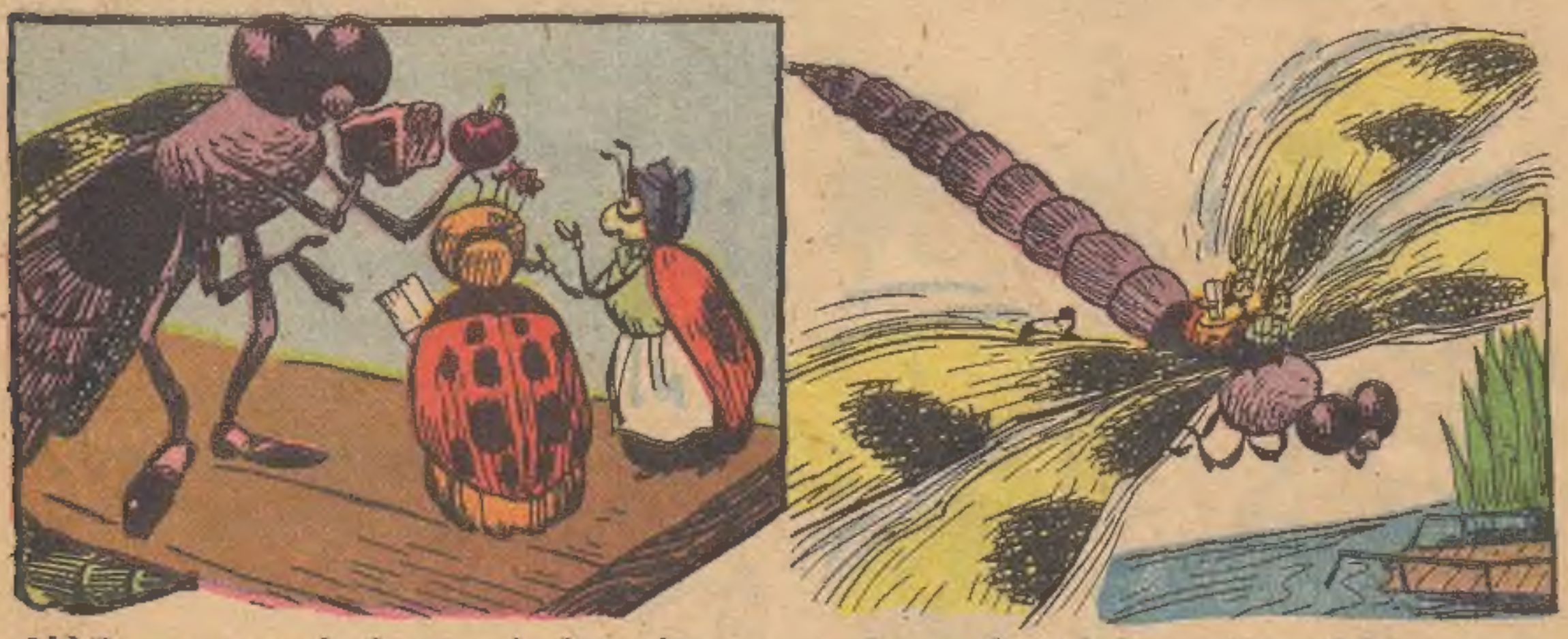
Two Lady Bugs, their shopping done,
Hired a hack to take them home.

But farther on, to their dismay,
They found the bridge had washed away!



The coachman said: "I'll take you back—!"
But the Lady Bugs, they left the hack.

They said, "We'll cross another way,
If Dragonfly is home today."



Old Dragon roared—then reached to take
Their apples and a piece of cake.

And soon those ladies, wise and fair,
Were winging homeward, through the air!

Frog's Adventures